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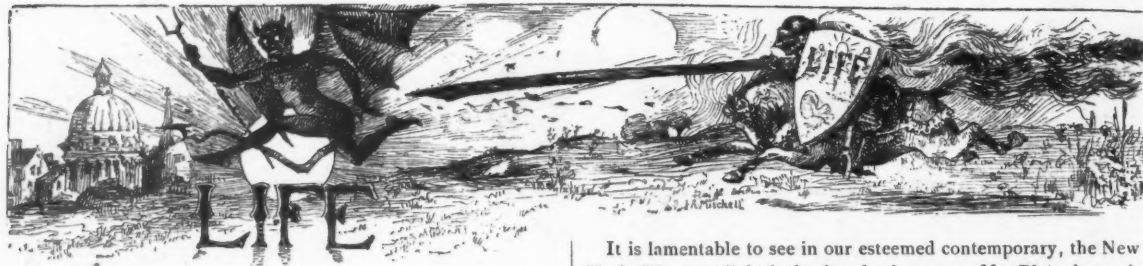


W.A. Rogers

MORE KILL THAN CURE.

THIS PILL WILL MAKE HIM FRIGHTFULLY SICK IN NOVEMBER, BUT HE MUST BE PURIFIED.





VOL. III. JUNE 19TH, 1884. NO. 77.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE wanted Mr. James Blaine of Maine badly—we and the Grand Old Party—and we got him. That is a triumph of which we can scarcely be too proud. It was lightly won, but none the less are we disposed to enthusiasm.

* * *

WE wanted a man with a record. We got him. There is both a good deal of man and a good deal of Record in Mr. James Blaine of Maine. We assert boldly, that no man ever chosen by the Grand Old Party had such a Record. There are few such records anywhere as that in the private possession of Mr. Blaine. There is no Record, we believe, that will bear as much investigation, or furnish more food for the admiring press in the fretful days to come.

* * *

IN Mr. Blaine we find the Statesman. A man who has been so well known a diplomat in Peruvian circles, in Pacific Railway settlements and other financial negotiations, can scarcely fail to comprehend the matters which usually tangle the minds of the unsophisticated in Washington. Every patriot who votes for Mr. Blaine will feel that there will lie no dollar in the United States Treasury so humble that Mr. Blaine will not look after it. In fact Mr. Blaine's Record shows that for some years—no doubt in anticipation of the glorious event we now celebrate—he has taken a kindly interest in the United States Treasury and its contents—especially the contents, for the Treasury itself is, as most of our readers know, not movable.

* * *

MR. BLAINE, too, is a man on whom we can depend for instant recognition of any rascality which may go on in Washington during his term of office. We will back Mr. Blaine against any man in the country to gain first knowledge of any scheme to pillage the nation by means of legislation. Mr. Blaine's eye for this business is and has been for years trained, and we do not believe his superior can be found. There will be no more grand combinations against our great common vaults, therefore, without Mr. Blaine's being at once in possession of the facts. Mr. Blaine's letters to Mr. Mulligan have long since shown this.

It is lamentable to see in our esteemed contemporary, the New York Times, a slight lack of enthusiasm over Mr. Blaine's nomination. If the Grand Old Party had chosen a pickpocket to bear its standard, we do not believe our esteemed contemporary could have maintained a more icy aspect, or spoken with more severity. If it were not for the fact that respectable Republican journals all over the country have followed suit, the Times might be looked upon as somewhat unfavorable to our choice.

For the first time in our history, a Republican nomination has delighted the Democratic Party. This alone shows what a Record Mr. Blaine has when even his party's foes rejoice at his success.

No man knoweth what the 4th of November will bring forth. It will depend largely upon the selection to be made by our hideous foe, the Democratic Party. If it gets a man with a Record, we can feel sure of Mr. Blaine. If not, we will mourn. One thing is certain, however: Mr. Blaine is not a candidate about whom there can be two opinions. Those who have read the leaders published East, North, South, and West, *apropos* of his nomination, can but feel that only violent partizanship has swayed such journals as have swerved from the verdict which the nation at large has pronounced upon Mr. Blaine's nomination.

* * *

PRIVATE: "P. S.—I want it distinctly to be understood, however, that I still have the Bar'l. You will observe that I decline early in the season. This gives my estimable 'rural friends,' the editors, a chance to work on the feelings of the boys and whoop up the sentimental. It will also show the impossibility of enlisting anybody else. Then there can be a sort of pilgrimage, do n't you see? I will coyly consent—the patriot sacrificing himself for his country and all that sort of thing, do n't you see? And then?—but, pshaw, you see exactly how it goes. I think I can depend on you to put it right to the boys."—S. J. T.

* * *

GENERAL Order, No. — In all the newspaper offices in the country: Put these galleys on Edmunds, Sherman, Arthur and Logan, away in the room devoted to obituary columns. You may leave the Lincoln, Hawley and Gresham galleys stand over under Candidates for four years. Distribute Hayes! Clean off Blaine and put him in first column to-morrow. Get his picture if you can. If impossible, use Conkling.

Blank Blink,
Night Editor.

* * *

MR. MILLS and I think of changing the name of our paper to the New York Tryblaine.

Whitelaw Reid.

* * *

THE Convention to Chandler: Willy, we have missed you.



Patient: DOCTOR, I WANT YOU TO PRESCRIBE FOR ME.

Doctor (after feeling of her pulse): THERE IS NOTHING THE MATTER, MADAME. ALL YOU NEED IS REST.

Patient: NOW, AREN'T YOU MISTAKEN, DOCTOR? PLEASE STUDY MY CASE CAREFULLY. JUST LOOK AT MY TONGUE.

Doctor: THAT NEEDS REST, TOO.

A SONGE OF MISTRESSE PEG. HER CRUELTYE.

WHENNE Mistresse Peggy Walkes Abroade
Toe Shew her Brave Attyre,
She Setts her Image inne ye Hearte
Of Any yt maie Spye Her,
& Hastening Gallants Bow & Begge
Yt She will Chuse A Squire,
Till Envious Maides Putt onne Disdayne
& Push a-Poutinge by Her.

Butt Mistresse Peg Trippes onne Her Waie
Wth everie Ribbon Flyinge,
& will have None of Fop or Beau
For alle Theyre Prayers & Sighinge.
Alack, yt She Sholde Be Soe Bolde
(Ye Gallants Joyne inne Cryinge),
Toe Toss Her Head atte everie Swaine
& Give Him harsh Denyinge!

M. E. W.

O TEMPORA, ETC.

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in the month of June; the birds sang and the flowers lifted up their heads in the soft sunlight, and poor tired humanity was very grateful for a day of rest, and wended its way through the soft air to church, there to be comforted and have its sins forgiven.

And Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson's heart was full of gladness as she put on her new bonnet and suit and sailed down the Avenue to church, knowing full well that every woman she met would turn round the moment they had passed her and examine carefully her costume, and in consequence their souls would be filled with bitterness and envy.

Therefore, Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson went joyously on her way, and when she had reached the church



Mr. Churchpillar: DO YOU KNOW WHERE LITTLE BOYS GO TO WHO PLAY BALL ON THE SABBATH DAY?

Small Boy: BETCHER LIFE WE DO. DEY GOES OVER TER HOBOKEN, CASE DE COPS NAB 'EM IF DEY PLAY HERE. IF YER WANT TER SEE A RATTLIN' GOOD GAME, COME OVER WID US, AND BE UMPIRE.

she found that the congregation consisted of a multitude of ladies and two old gentlemen asleep with their mouths open. And so she passed a delightful hour studying the bonnets of the other ladies, and the clergyman got through the service as quickly as ever he could, for the spring medicine he was taking was too strong for him and made him feel "heady."

And so when the service was over and the congregation was slowly passing adown the aisles, Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson espied an old friend, and they took one another by both hands and "Oh, you dear," and "where *have* you been?" and "I'm *so* delighted!" and "Why have n't you called?" and no end of cooing and gurgling, and then Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson fell a step behind in order to get a good look at her friend's costume, and then a hard glitter came into her eye, and her face became set and drawn, and her heart was filled with jealousy and envy as she realized that her friend's suit had a style—a certain "Paris touch"—that her own had not.

And so she went home to lunch, and "had it out" with her husband as to whether or no she was to patronize the French Mecca, and she got worsted in the encounter, and went up-stairs and wept and spanked the children all around, and finally settled down to a novel, with no end of lovely murders in it.

And Mr. Van Dyke-Robertson went off to his club, and from thence to a sacred concert, where they played and sang the music of one Offenbach. And so the holy day was ended.

R. K.

BOOMLETS.

THE N. Y. *World* would do well to preserve the picture of Mr. Blaine which ornamented its first page the morning after that gentleman's nomination.

In the event of Mr. Blaine's election, it will come handy three years hence as a map of the seat of war.

* * *

The Philadelphia *Call* prints the following:

HIS PECULIARITY.

FIRST Delegate (in Palmer House dining room)—Do you know George William Curtis by sight?

Second Delegate—No, I do not. I should like very much to see the old gentlemen.

Just then a voice from the opposite table said:

"Waiter, bring me a glass of water." And the two delegates exclaimed with one accord:

"That must be Mr. Curtis."

* * *

DIED, Friday, June 6th, 1884, of Prematurity, Boom, only chance of Chester A. Arthur. Funeral private.

Friends are kindly requested to let it drop.

* * *

"THE Bob-o-Link must give way to the Roaring Eagle.

Robert T. L-n-in."

* * *

TO all whom it may concern: By Act of Convention I have changed my name and shall be hereafter known as Too-Too Platt.

Yours Toorooly,

Me Too.

* * *

WOULD N'T some respectable ice-company like to buy me? I feel considerably below par and am willing to sell out cheap.

G. F. Edmunds.

* * *

MR. BLAINE and his friends don't like to boast, so they tell us, but they feel certain that even if Mr. Blaine loses New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, the South, North, East and West, he still has personal magnetism enough about him to shoot him head first into the White House.

* * *

THIS talk about Blaine and Gould is too absurd; of course Gould approves of Blaine. Why, it is easy enough to see.

Mr. Gould wants some of Mr. Blaine's magnetism for his Telegraph Company.

* * *

BESIDES Mr. Gould being a rich man can afford to hold a large amount of stock in so cheap a corporation as the Plumed Knight. We forget exactly how much it was, but Mr. Blaine sold out pretty cheap some years ago.

* * *

THOSE old lines should be changed to read:
I come from Fable Mountain
And my name is lootful James!

* * *

A READER of the N. Y. *Tribune* says he now knows what "intense enthusiasm" means. It consists of four men, two boys and a spitz-dog around a stock ticker.

At least that was the size of the "intense enthusiasm" at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when the recent nominations were announced.



THE UNDERDONE COLLEGE GRADUATE IN FICTION.

EVERY university graduate, during the few years which immediately follow taking his degree, goes through the "underdone" or "half-baked" period of life. He is (as has been said of a hypocrite) like an unturned cake—the one side roasted and the other raw. The collegiate griddle has imparted a well-browned culture to one side of his susceptible nature; and when he is suddenly tossed, on the raw and inexperienced side, upon a red-hot world the "sizzling" and sighing which ensue are interesting but not always agreeable phenomena. Mr. Robert Grant's novel, "An Average Man," depicts, with all the skill of a literary caterer, the underdone period in the career of two Harvard graduates, tossed upon a New York griddle. If we may be allowed the expression, it is generally in this stage of its existence that some highly sympathetic female "takes the cake" for life. Mr. Grant is equally successful in describing this operation.

Much of the criticism which this book has received has been due to the fact that few people have any sympathy with a man in long coats who talks to emotional women about "ideals in life," "struggles for success," "professional honesty," "codes of morals," and all the other stock in trade of a B.A. who is having the conceit taken out of him by practical life. One of the characters in this novel gives an exact diagnosis of the case when he says: "When one feels debilitated and in a state of collapse there is a tendency to grope after sympathy, just as one takes a tonic."

This is only one phase of the book. It must be noted by any reader that there is a good, strong purpose throughout the story; that the development of character is skillful; that Miss Crosby is a very lovable girl; that Woodbury Stoughton is a well-drawn type; and that the style is rapid and bright.

We are not, however, spared the prevailing epidermis of fiction—the love of a married man for another's wife.

* * *

THERE is a delicate humor and pathos in "Mingo and other Sketches in Black and White," by Joel Chandler Harris, which cannot be surpassed in the "Uncle Remus" stories. The dialect of poor and middle-class whites in Georgia is here treated as artistically as the Negro dialect which Uncle Remus spoke.

* * *

ADMIRERS of Mr. Bunner's verses will find in "From Grave to Gay," by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, specimens of what an Englishman has done in a similar vein.—R. D. Blackmore's latest novel,

"Tommy Upmore," is an incongruous and clumsy political satire, which is mostly Greek to an American reader.—The serial story now being published in the *Commercial Advertiser*, called "The Basset Claim," is a tale of life at the Capital, by H. R. Elliott, a Yale man, and for a number of years a skilled Washington correspondent. It gives an accurate picture of phases of life there which other novelists have overlooked because ignorant of it by experience. DROCHE.

More majorum—more majors.

Medium tenere beati—"chassay down the middle."



HAIL!

BY WILT WHARTMAN.

HAIL thee's, Oh, mighty two! yet not too mightyful.

Thou'rt not the double-barreled twin,
Him of Siam.
Not thee's.

Thou'rt the Father and the *Sun*, the weak-limned Father and evershining, much-suffering, all-for-two-cent *Sun* of the Democratic Party.

Him to the right, to him I sing.
Him, once a Republican, I shout to.

All praise be to him who wast not Collector of the Port.

Glory to thee, Oh, C. A. D. ! that from thenceforth thou didst see the sinfulness of the ways of Republicans, and reform thine own even at the cost of thine in-ness.

And thou other thee,
Thou left thee! and verily the leave 't was cold;
To thee I toot.
Democrat to the full,
Even unto the 18 carats.
Thou'rt a true man. Yea, and a good,
For thou weighest nigh unto an Hundred.
To thee be glory.

MEN OF THE TIME.

There was a young fellow named Ward,
Who got into the man of the Sword;
He did it so well
The General, they tell,
Said, "Now I am busted by—Thunder!"

There was a young man named Eno,
Who played neither poker nor keno;
But dabbled in stocks,
So lost the bank's "rocks,"
And now he is not to be seen-o.

There was an old codger named Fish,
Who had ducats and held high "posish;"
Till one morning in May
His bank stopped to pay
With assets amounting to "Dish."

—"GOLDEY."

A ROAMING SINGER.

BY F. MARRY'EM CRAWFISH.

(Continued.)

III.

OH, it was a great night—the night of Mimo's *début*! He sang as he had never sung before. He almost drowned the conversations in the boxes; it was a triumph indeed. He caught nothing but smiles and a bad cold. Not a single hiss, not a cabbage cleft the air; naught but storms of bravos and a sea of waving handkerchiefs from the *rio janeiro* to the cupola. Beyond all, the *contessina* was in a prominent box with her father and a Russian baronessa. Redwig recognized in the *primo tenore* her professor of literature, and she heard his voice only to adore him. As for the count he retired to the foyer. He was disgusted with himself. He had been duped, and had allowed an opera singer to become intimate with his daughter. The count also used a number of highly ornamental German oaths, which I am unable to reproduce—now, if they had only been Italian expletives—Martinelli!—I know *dozens* of them by heart.

The next morning Mimo went to call on the Russian baronessa, whose acquaintance he had made some time previously. The baroness was one of those dark, passionate, panther-like women, who is intense in everything. She was jealous of Redwig, because she herself worshipped Mimo, and she was bound to make him love her in return.

"Caro Mimo," she said, "sing for me. Then I will be perfectly happy."

She sank into a chair near a table on which lay a broad-hafted Persian knife. Mimo guessed her affection for him and wished to test it. He sat down at the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, and began to sing, meanwhile watching her carefully. At the first words of the air—"Wait till the cloud rolls by, Jenny"—the baroness turned pale.

"Not *that*," she involuntarily gasped. "Oh, *please*, not that! I can stand *anything* else."

Cruelly, mercilessly Mimo sang on. The baroness sat with tearful eyes and clenched hands, gazing longingly at the Persian knife. And yet she did not move. She could stand anything from this man, because she loved him. When he had finished the third verse, he arose and came over to her. He knew her secret.

"Cara Baronessa," he said, as he stood before her, "where does a cloud buy rolls?"

"In the yEast?" ventured the Baroness, timidly.

"C'rect," said Mimo; "and what's the yeast used for?"

"Lightning," she replied.

"Mist that time," he said with a shrug. "Viva sassafrato rumjelli."

She had risen to her feet, but at his last words she swooned and fell heavily to the floor. Mimo touched a bell and the servant entered.



"MIST THAT TIME," HE SAID WITH A SHRUG.

"Oh, cara—" moaned the wretched woman in her delirium—"cara miouta."

The servant bore her senseless form from the room.

IV.

THE baroness is in a bad predicament. Now, she is not only no longer necessary to the story, but she is even crossed in love. Obviously, to such a difficulty, there is but one solution—a solution of opium. An overdose from a small phial, and the baroness dies a phialent death. Meanwhile I continue to smoke my cigars, and Mimo goes off to serenade Redwig. He groped around the dark streets, with his guitar under his arm, until he perceived what apparently was the palazzo of the von Firas.

Very patiently he strummed his instrument and warbled forth his love. At last he heard a window open above him, and a weighted note fell at his feet. She had been listening. He picked up the paper and rushed to the nearest lamp to read it, covering it with kisses as he ran. When he tore it open, a piece of money fell out. He read: "There is a sick lady here. Enclosed find 10 cents. No music. Move on." Garibaldi! He had struck the wrong house. At last he found the right street and number, and again strummed and warbled patiently, but got no sign. Redwig did not hear him; but the count did. It was then that the count made up his mind to leave the city. The next morning he departed, taking his daughter with him, and left no word as to his destination.



HE RUSHED TO THE NEAREST LAMP.

The same night, also, Mimo scraped acquaintance with a Jew named Baron Bernardino. Bernardino was too eccentric a character to be natural, and too malicious to be interesting, so his only claim on one's attention was a certain air of mystery about him. This he effected by hinting that he was the "Wandering Jew," but he is a brute—is Bernardino, and, Pio Bancho! we will skip him.

When Mimo discovered that the count had carried off Redwig, he resolved to seek her and rescue her. To this end he started out to search all the capitals of Europe—never to rest until he found her. So he became a roaming singer, and left Marianna and I; but there was a bright side to his going, too—it saved me some expense.

V.

MIMO had been gone for some time, and he had searched Paris and even London, but had found no trace of his Redwig. He was beginning to despair. It was in this emergency that I determined to find her for him, myself; and after several days of travel and numerous adventures, I had accomplished my object. Her father had locked her up in the old castle at Sorrentino, and now Mimo had joined me, and he was going to carry her off. The Count was unsuspecting and felt secure. He never dreamt of a runaway match. That very morning he had said to Bernardino: "My daughter is carefully guarded and watched. She is like a musk-melon."

"How so?" asked Bernardino.

"She cantalope," replied Count von Fira.

Upon hearing this classic pun, the Jew said nothing, but gave a long, low whistle.*

Near midnight all was prepared. Redwig was waiting in her room for the signal. She had a few jewels, some old tin-types, and a volume of the "No Name Series" done up in a neat bundle. In the dining hall an old man sat at the table, eating. In the shadow of the donjon door stood the young singer, holding a

* From the character of Bernardino we should judge that the whistle was about nine and a quarter inches long, and as low as they make them.—ED. LIFE.

long knife. Twelve o'clock sounded—above, the Count still eat on—beneath, the lover, stilletto.

On a sudden the door was unlocked, and Redwig came forth. Mimo sheathed his knife and caught her in his arms.

"Campanini!" he cried, "you are mine at last."

"Mimo mio!" murmured she, yielding to his embrace. For either of those two, there was no one else in the universe but the other. She was without a fear. No care disturbed the tranquillity of her joy; she knew that her hat was on straight, and gave her whole soul up to her affection.

Meanwhile, I was sitting on my jackass, waiting up the mountain for them, and it was very dark. Madonna mia, how frightened I was! In a little while I discerned them approaching with a guide.

"I see a man," ejaculated Redwig, as she caught sight of me.

"I see a donkey," said the guide.

"It is Signor Brandi," explained Mimo.

"Well, then, who is the man?" asked Redwig.

She has a faculty of being flippant under the most trying cir-



MIMO SHEATHED HIS KNIFE AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

cumstances. How Mimo could ever fall in love with such an ice-cream image I can not imagine. Alleghetti! She could n't have me.

At all events Mimo *did* marry her, at last, and they went off together a few days afterwards. The day before they departed we had two unpleasant visitors. Bernardino dropped in to tell us he was an escaped lunatic, and the Count called in order to break up the furniture with me. I was too much for him, though. As he would not leave, I lit one of my cigars. The Count is a brave man and can stand cannon smoke, but—Lonejacchoto Bacco!—one of my cigars—*never!*

This is all there is to Mimo's story; and I have told it to you not because it was true, but because I am so loquacious. I will not offer you a cigar, for I need all my own for myself; but if you wish to know what has become of those two loving hearts and where they have gone, I will simply tell you what an old Italian proverb says: "*Tu ella quarto ne tutti frutti*"—now you know.

CARLSBAD.

THE END.



RIVAL DESIGNS FOR THE PR

Columbia: WHAT A FINE MONUMENT THAT ATLAS WILL MAKE F



FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NICHE.

AS WILL MAKE FOR THE REPUBLICAN GRAVEYARD IN NOVEMBER.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XIX.—The Candidate.



HAT is this?

This, dear, is our great candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America.

By whom was this nice gentleman put up?

By the grand old party.

What is his name?

The Plumed Knight.

Oh! I am so glad the grand old party has n't put up a bad man.

Yes, dear.

Suppose they had put up a well-known thief—would n't that be just too awful?

Certainly.

Or a ring master?

Yes, love.

Or a guano shark? That would have been dreadful?

Dreadful.

Or just suppose they had nominated some one favorable to Star Route, and

other astronomical forms of swindling the tax payers?

It would have been bad.

Or suppose it was a man who had been mixed up with bad bonds, or Mulligans, or any other of those horrid things?

Yes, dear.

It would have given the grand old party a black eye? Unquestionably.

But in the case of a gentleman who has been square from wayback—

Yes.

And who has never connived at rascality, consorted with pirates or treasury rats, or been steeped in villainy all his political life—that is just the man?

Just.

For, otherwise, his nomination would sort of blister the boys?

Yes.

And be nuts for the Democratic party—would n't it? Oh, yes.

Honest men like to feel, when they vote, that they are not voting for a man who ought by rights to be fertilizing Government land with guano on the Dry Tortugas?

They do.

And if such a man were put up, he would need a zinc shirt and tin trousers to protect him—would n't he?

He would, indeed.

The grand old party never makes a mistake—does it? Hardly ever.

But if it should,—why it would give us a chance to see a little fun?

Certainly.

I am glad the grand old party has selected such a nice, clean, well-built, and honorable gentleman.

So say we all.

Are not all Knights very honorable?

Very.

They would n't steal any hot stoves—would they? At least, not in this weather?

No.

Or lie, unless there was some money in it?

Certainly not.

Or write letters which would disgrace a pickpocket, unless they thought it would be all entre nous, so to speak?

No.

Then I am real glad for the grand old party—are n't you?

Certainly.

Otherwise, would n't the grand old party experience what the vulgar call a cold day?

Yes, dear.

DOWRY.—The dot which the bereaved widow brings to your successor.

LISTEN, YE MERRIE MAIDENS!

WE are indebted to the *Commercial Advertiser* for the following "points," which are derived from the experience of a certain English lady of good social position, but limited means, who for several years has been taking "clients" in need of husbands to watering-places during the season. In ten years she scores twenty-three successes and nine failures, this fisher of men. It appears that dark girls go off best in spring and autumn, and blondes at midsummer; that the market is apt to be dull at the beginning of the season and to grow brisk toward its close; that very young fair men like brunettes best, but veer slowly toward their lighter sisters as the fair men grow older, and that the converse is as true of very young dark men; that brunettes almost as invariably prefer fair men irrespective of age; and that the predilection of blondes is as commonly an opposite one; that blonde girls work off very ill in raw, coldish weather; that to couple a fair and dark girl in walking, driving, etc., is generally, but not always, good policy, since the intended victim sometimes falls in love with each in succession, and ends by taking neither; and, finally, that, while mountains and lakes prove lively incentives to flirtation at earlier periods, the seaside was decidedly stronger in the way of landing the fish as the leaves turn and the days grow shorter.

Simplicity in dress is, as a rule, an encouraging factor in her business, and that either loquacity or self-assertion is decidedly otherwise. Melodious voices, again, tell with more effect than accomplishments, and a ten-

dency to free-thinking is uniformly repulsive even to men of the same inclining themselves. By the same odd rule, habits of carelessness and disorder hurt the trade, whatever the ways of possible customers, and to dwell unduly, in the presence of those customers, on dress, trinkets, and the faults of others, would sometimes depress the market two or three points in a day.

WE are in receipt of a new contemporary from California, entitled "Kind Words." We suppose the title was chosen to insure everlasting life, as kind words can never, etc.

ODE TO THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

I.
O MIGHTY Tongue Too Long
(If such should be thy true orthography),
To thee I pipe a song
Of zoölogic fancy and geography.

II.
I knew thy sire,
A pink-eyed, palsied brute
Of some ability,
Whom wassail and forbidden fruit
Had changed from manhood's virile fire
To fat senility;
Thy worthy dam,
A frisky maid of scarce a ton,
Whose happy heart was set upon
A tusker from Siam.
But Burmah's despot, in his pride,
To irritate and rough her,
Did tear her from her lover's side
And made her the heart-broken bride
Of the old detested duffer.

III.
Thou wert the fruit,
Unhealthy brute,
Of that unnatural marriage.
Thy father's vice
Accursed thee thrice—
In color, cast and carriage.
Thy pinkish eyes and splotches red,
Thy leprous feet and swollen head,
A head most macrocephalous,
Proclaim thee, Tongue,
The victim young
Of scrofula and hydrocephalus.

IV.
Yet thou may'st serve a mission, beast!
And in thy work may be a priest!
Thou'rt fabled to bring woe
Wherever thou may'st go.
If thou'lt annihilate and make a corse
Of What-is-it and woolly horse,
Of caravan and peanut man,
Steam organ, calliope and their clan
Of humbugs, vile and coarse—
We'll hail thee, hideous thing,
Of elephants, the King.

—W. E. S.



Said Benjamin Franklin Butler, "I
'D give my old boots for the Presidency,
And wiggle my thumb in the national pie,
But I'm destined to sit and destined to sigh,
And woefully wink my double cockt eye.

Coz why?
My boom 'll be nix in the coming July;
Some dark horse 'll scoop up the Presidency.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

By our Special Heeler.

AS soon as your correspondent became himself again after the nomination of the Plumed Knight, he began the round of interviewing the would-be President and those who were left on the frigid side of the fence at Chicago.

General Grant, who up to the time of his recent Wall Street operations was regarded as a dark horse, and who is still, according to some benighted people, somewhat under a cloud, was the first one upon whom I called. I was met at the door by the General's son, who informed me that there was no use of sending up my name, inasmuch as his father was feeling so small these days, that while he might see me, he had serious doubts of my being able to see him. I deemed it best, however, not to rely too much on young Grant's statements, and sent up to the General to ask what he thought of the situation. He sent down word that "Ward ought to be hung," and he wished me *Au revoir*. I then left his house, meeting one of his counsel on the way out, who informed me in confidence that the General contemplated emigrating into a hole and then exporting it. He thought the chances of the General for getting through his present difficulties were good, as the great soldier has put up his silence, which, I was reminded, is golden, among his assets. Public opinion, however, on the other hand, demands a little small change in the way of silver, and the General would do well to put some in circulation.

From Mr. Grant I went to see my old friend Steve Elkins, Boomer of the Blaine Boom. Shortly after my arrival there, James himself came in, looking the picture of health, wealth and happiness.



AT THE WAXWORKS.

Chorus of Bystanders: SHOCKING! BUT HOW LIFE-LIKE? AND WHAT A WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE!

(N. B.—Jones is a strict prohibitionist, and when he awoke he was heard to state very emphatically what he'd be before he'd go to the waxworks again, and what he'd do if he caught the wretch who slipped an empty whisky bottle into his pocket while he was asleep.)

Mr. Blaine's countenance lighted up when his eyes rested upon me, and remarked that he remembered me well, was awfully glad to see me, and was there anything he could do for me.

It is marvellous how accommodating these men are when they are candidates.

"How do you feel in regard to the nomination?" I asked.

"Nomination? What nomination?" he replied.

"Why, your nomination by the Chicago Convention?"

"I fail to perceive your drift, young man. Convention? Has there been one? And at Chicago?"

"Why, Mr. Blaine, you certainly know that there has been a Convention, and that you were nominated."

"I have heard nothing of the kind. Steve," turning to Mr. Elkins, "what is all this twaddle this young man is talking. What does he mean by 'nomination' and 'Convention at Chicago?'"

"Nothing, Jim; nothing. You were nominated by the Republican Party—or rather by a lot of Republican delegates—to run for President next fall. That's all. I did n't like to mention it to you, because I knew you would n't like it."

"Well, I declare! this is shameful!" said Mr. Blaine.

"It is! it is!" said I, and I really thought so.

"After all my protestations to you that I did n't want it. Was that what you showed me in Saturday's *World*?"

"Yes, Jim; that was it," responded the faithful Steve.

"Well, if I had known that picture was intended for me, by Jupiter! I'd —" Here Mr. Blaine got excited, and said words which, if put on paper, would ruin his chances forever.

"What did you think it was, you old ranter?" said Elkins, getting mad, and in an undertone.

"'Pon my word, Steve, I thought it was a map of the war in Soudan! But, oh, Steven, or Stephen, however you spell your blamed name, *why on earth* did you let them go for to do it!!!"

Here Mr. Blaine broke down entirely, and was led weeping away. When Elkins returned, I said:

"Look here, Steve; is Blaine knocked silly by the result, or what is the matter?"

"'Pon my word, Smith, it's only his supreme indifference, that's all."

I was so overcome that I withdrew.

On my way down Broadway, who should I see but the President himself, walking with a few choice spirits. He recognized me at once, and introduced me to his companions, Mr. "Johnnie" and Mr. "Billie," if I correctly caught their names.

"Why, Chester, I thought you'd dropped all this?" said I.

"Well, I did for a while, but Blaine got the call on me, and here I am. Still never say die! I've been President, and Jim can't say as much. I'd rather be able two years hence to say, 'I've been President of this glorious nation,' than 'This blink-blanked ungrateful country laid me out beyond redemption.' The latter's what Jim will say, and do n't you forget it. Besides, I do n't give a HM for any HM man that do n't give a HM for me. Ta-ta!"

And his excellency skipped.

I called also upon Messrs. Logan, Edmunds and Hawley, all of whom refused to see me. Mr. Logan was studying up enough grammar to run in his letter of "exceptence" of the nomination; Mr. Edmunds had been out all the night before, and was too thawed for conversation, and Mr. Hawley sent me word that he had nothing whatever to say; the Convention would n't let him play wooden Indian, and he therefore "wooden" converse on the subject. After the perpetration of the above, I allowed my private Hawley boom to cool off and retired.

CARLYLE SMITH.

HOW HE LOST THEM.

"YES," said the sad-eyed, legless stranger, who sat off in one corner of the room at the last meeting of the Liar's Club, "mine has been a terrible experience. I passed my youth cultivating my brain and utterly neglected my poor legs until I lost them by a most untoward accident."

"Run over by a horse-car?" suggested the red-haired man who held the medal as champion prevaricator of the club.

"No!" sighed the afflicted one.

"Had 'em shot off, perhaps?" said the dude visitor.

"No, they was n't shot off, neither," replied the stranger, as a tear trickled down his nose. "They was n't shot off, nor they was n't run off, nor they was n't amputated off. They was n't none of them, neither no more was they dropped off. They was bit off!"

"Bit off, how?" eagerly asked the whole assemblage.



"Well, I was a sittin' by a trout stream off in the country one day with them legs a danglin' in the water."

"Yes!"

"Yes, an' 'long came a brook trout an' he up an' bit 'em off!"

"H-how did he c-come to d-d-do it?" asked the red-haired man aghast.

"He thought they was angle worms!" replied the stranger as he wiped his eyes and left the room.

He was voted the medal.

J. K. B.

INCOGNITA.

(RONDEAU.)

INCOGNITA, what *is* your name?

Your beauty gives you right to claim

Gladys, Maud, Violet or Clarice,

To sign yourself so Love's caprice

Assign you vestal o'er his flame!

Sweetheart, hold me not quite to blame

That o'er my sense your beauty came

With Memory's pangs to wound my peace;

Incognita!

Gray eyes, gold hair, so much the same,

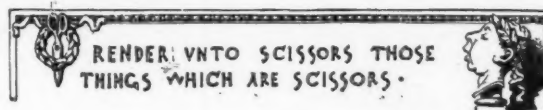
The low fires flared to sudden flame;

The love I deemed had run its lease

At sight of you defied surcease,

Incognita!

JOHN MORAN.



IDENTIFIED.

MR. H.—"I most humbly beg your pardon, my dear madam. You have the advantage of me. Although your face is very familiar, I cannot quite place you. Where was it we met?"

Mrs. B.—"When the vista of recollection is brought within the focus of the mental vision, and—"

Mr. H.—"Oh, now I know. We met in Boston."—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

SPITEFUL.—Good Samaritan (to friend with "hot coppers"): "What's the matter, old chappie?" Sufferer: "Oh, my dear boy, my brain is on fire! What would you advise me to do?" G. S.: "Well, if your brains were on fire, if I were you I should, er—blow them out!"—*Judy.*

TWO FOR A NICKEL.

During a large dinner party given at Montreal by a gentleman, a young braggart, who sat next to the poetess Phoebe Cary, chose to deride his host, and said, "Miss Cary, 't is very true that 'fools make feasts and wise men eat them.'" "And it is equally true," responded Miss Cary, "that 'wise men say smart things, and fools repeat them.'"—*New York Truth.*

CAPT. P—sat in a restaurant eating his breakfast, when a little cur of a dog came sniffing around his legs. The captain gave the dog a kick, whereupon a snobbish youth arose and exclaimed:

"Are n't you ashamed to kick such a small dog?"

"No, sir," retorted Capt. P—, "and I can kick big dogs, too."

"Try it on, if you dare," cried the snob.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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So very shabby.—Algernon: "I'm awfully dusty; but I thought you'd like to know how I got on." Gertrude: "O, yes. Did your horse win?" Algernon: "No; but I pulled a sovereign off a 'sweep.'" Gertrude: "A sweep! Oh, Algy, how could you take the poor man's money?"—*Funny Folks.*

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WHATEVER the sea-side hotel-keepers may want, this country does not long for a zeuglodon. It would prefer a plain, respectable whale to the most brilliant and dashing zeuglodon that the combined hotel-keepers of the nation could produce. Even were it to be proved that the sea-serpent is a zeuglodon, its character would not be a particle better than it now is.

That the animal called a sea-serpent does exist there can be little doubt, but it is idle to pretend that he is anything but a serpent. Of course, he differs from other serpents, but he is distinctly a reptile, and not even Mr. Phelps, much less Mr. Wood, can convince the public that this corrupt and time-serving animal is a spotless magnetic zeuglodon left over from a prehistoric geologic period.—*N. Y. Times.*

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"Bank busted?"

"Yes," sadly replied the president.

"Won't pay any more money out, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, I did n't want to draw any out. Thought that if the bank was n't too far gone I would make a deposit."

"Certainly, sir, certainly!" unlocking the door. "Step right in and I can accommodate you."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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A GRAY VETERAN'S GLORIOUS DEATH. THE LAST CHARGE OF MORRISANIA'S ANCIENT GOAT, SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Samuel J. Tilden, a gray and decrepit goat, who many years ago, in the summertime of his life, swayed the destinies of all the small boys and peanut dealers in Morrisania, is no more. He was elected by an uprising of the authorities to the Public Pound, and he bore ever afterward on his venerable flank the direful marks "P. P." Sammy had become so old that his friends had counted him as out of the gay and innocent society of other Morrisania billies until last Saturday night, when the elderly and horned goat developed such a mine of wickedness that the police of the Thirty-third Precinct went gunning for him with army revolvers.

Antonio Perugoni Sporza, the sole proprietor of an apple and banana stand at the junction of the Southern Boulevard and Third ave., has customers who have the evil habit of throwing banana skins on the sidewalks. Sammy has often found a delectable repast on the skins, and has eyed the tempting bunches of the rich red fruit with a covetous eye. On Saturday A. P. Sporza found it necessary to leave his stand and enter into converse with the bridge-keeper. He returned in ten minutes and found Samuel J. Tilden demolishing the stem of a bunch of bananas which had been appraised by Mr. Sporza at \$1.85. Sammy was reasoned with by means of a bale-stick, which induced him only to charge upon Mr. Sporza and to land him finally on the top of his peanut stand. Then Sammy proceeded to masticate the banana stem. The cries from the midst of the stand brought Officer Mulcahy to the scene of the conflict and Sammy was confronted with the majesty of the law. Nothing daunted, the veteran goat charged Mulcahy and put him to rout, chasing him until the policeman took refuge within the bridge round-house. Then Sammy sat on the door-sill wagging his horns at the officer until "the limb of the law" unlimbered his revolver and discharged seven half-ounce bullets into his body.

Bananas and lead did not seem to mix well, for Samuel J. Tilden suddenly died. But the fame of his heroic deeds will be noised abroad and the onslaught of Samuel J. Tilden on the majesty of the law will remain a by-word of courage in the annals of Morrisania.—*The Tribune*.

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